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STEP LADDER

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The
STEP LADDER

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". . . in study of that great book, that fair volume, called the World, there is no full stop, no limit, pause, conclusion. Like bees, with their nectar and honeycomb, man stores up his knowledge and experience in books. These and his houses outlast him; the things he makes; and here and there a famous or happy or tragic name is for a while remembered. Else, we are given our brief chequered busy lives—then vanish away, seeming but restless phantoms in Time's panoramic dream. So far at least as this world is concerned. And generations of men—as of the grasses and flowers—follow one upon another."

WALTER DE LA MARE, *in Come Hither*
A Collection of Rhymes & Poems for the Young of All Ages.

VOL. 41, NO. 2 AUTUMN 1957 GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

Vera Holding
Tipton, Oklahoma

VALUES

I love prairies
when dawn comes swiftly
to sweep away night's prowling shadows.
Morning winds, waiting the signal to be off,
restlessly tramp the corridors of space
and are held only by the taut amber ribbons
tethering the sun.

Then Day, eager to be about her business,
opens her shop windows
to set out hurrying hours, racing moments,
and speeding seconds
on the counter of Time.

Only a miserly soul denies himself
these rich bargains life offers —
Only the spendthrift in living
Grows fully aware of their value.

Marie Weisberger
c/o Mrs. H. Wallis
1628 Bolton Street
Baltimore 17, Maryland

AUTUMN LEAF

The leaf that burst from swollen bud,
fragile as wing of new born nymph,
in the tender green of spring;

that grew to greatness, strong, upright
concealing the nest of the cardinal
through fragrant noons of June;

that yellowed to a burning bulb,
lighting day to illumined night
along dark forest paths of fall;

now hangs by brown and shrivelled stem,
useless as sloughed skin of snake
in the frozen lake of winter,

awaiting the assassin wind
to snap release from futile life
and bring repose in depth of earth.

OVER THE REEF

Breaking the gold-net pattern of the sun
Upon the sea, she glides into the water.
Through palest green, through green, through darkest green
She swims reefward, keeping the channel, avoiding
The threat of sunken rock, pushing onward,
Ever onward, stroke after stroke,
To the beckoning crest of white above the dark
Shadow-lava, black brown under green.

Hands anchored in holes, bubble-formed in molten
Gneiss, she clings to the reef, lest the wave breaking
On her, throw her over, hurl her down on
Sharp ridges. The comber rolls shoreward behind
Her. Rising for air she pulls herself forward.
Another is on her. Again she grips lava.
Again and again.

Inching seaward, ever seaward in this lull
Between battles, strained muscles move slowly,
Eyes blur with salt, hands crimson the green, breathing
Is hard. The waves are an army marching upon
Her, trampling her down, until she yearns
To surrender, to rest without effort
And let the sea have its way.

Death-fear drives her on. With a willed
Spurt of force she thrusts forward in frenzy,
Arms, hands, legs and feet churning
Water, faster and faster, until with a last
Lunging stroke, she is over the reef
In stillness, calm water.

Frederic Vanson
74 Melbourne Grove
London S.E. 22, England

NARCISSUS

(after the Spanish of Juan de Arguiogo)

And still his love increases, still there grows
In him the fatal folly, who has seen
Himself so lovely in the water's mirror;
He, the self-wounded, seeking remedy
Only makes worse his ill; once more he looks.
Seeing himself growing so radiant
He bends to kiss his image in the water.
What luckless star thus blinds him to deception!

So are the powers gone from this fond lover,
His senses dimmed forever. Fatal beauty!
That lured this lovely boy to such an end!
Now he is changed most strangely to a flower,
A bloom of purple that the faithful water
Nourishes yet, altered but lovely still!

A WRECKED SHIP

(after the Spanish of Juan de Jauregui)

This useless hulk, broken and dry as bones,
Despised alike by wind and ocean lies,
Yet once she scorned the heaving of the seas,
Disdained the East wind's and the South wind's furies.
Proudly towards the deep, her helm responding
To every touch of the wheel, she sped for gold;
Raced home with ores of richness from the Indies,
Bringing them safe to harbour and to home.

Now she lies derelict and long-forgotten,
Far from the forest where she might have kept
A glory of greenness better than any treasure!
So too the man whose cardinal sin is greed
May perish on a far and foreign shore
Where neither wealth nor consolation stay him!

Sydney King Russell
124 Brazilian
Palm Beach, Florida

NO RETURN

One day in autumn, one eventful day
Not long before the turning of the year
A band of five who heard Jehovah's call
Embarked upon a journey
Which led them to the shadows of a jungle,
With charitable purpose to impart
To savages the love of Christian friendship
And to win them
To the service of the Lord.
Without a common language, bearing gifts
They mingled with the brown men.

Day by day
They prayed and persevered, and missed their wives
Who waited miles away
In lonely vigil.

The mission, born of kindliness
Was fated.
At best the outcome might have been foreseen;
The first day passed in silence, and the next —
At length a plane flew over and the watchers
Beheld five bodies lying in the sand,
Forever lost and sightless in the sun.

As for the savages, they left no word
But vanished in the wilderness that bore them,
With little interest in missionaries,
Preferring doubtless to be left alone,
Which leaves us to accept their ultimatum.

Yet these will be remembered for their deed,
Five men whose lives were bravely dedicated,
Foolhardy as they were and darkly doomed.
Perhaps it was the Lord's command — who knows? —
Or after second thought,
For all the zeal of dedicated men
His voice perhaps was not the voice they heard
That led them down the path
of no return.

M. Reddin
309 West 82nd Street
New York 24, New York

LOST SUMMER

I must go where the crows go
Down by the twisted path,
Past the firs, moss-shaded
Past the faery rath;*

They find the summer, the black crows
In the wood where beech trees sigh,
And I must go where the crows go
To wish the summer goodbye . . .

* Enchanted glade in Ireland

SILKEN NOTHINGS

Have you noticed
Those small white things
That sometimes float in
On the sunlight?

They look like
Shadows of silken starfish
Without a sea.

I have seen them
So many times
In a moment,
A moment
And then they are gone,
Silken nothings from nowhere
Fighting the chance
To be sun . . .

Mary M. Pronovost
1421 Coolidge Avenue
National City, California

TEA PARTY

The hostess lights pink candles.
Holding Dresden handles
fingers flexed and curving gracefully
the dowagers
begin to purr
as they slowly stir
two lumps into their tea.
Between occasional sips
they munch synthetic quips
until the starved-eyed one
holds up the skeleton
she found in a closet.
Each tigress seizes it,
instead of sugared scones
they crunch the bloodless bones.
Sweetly, they coo
a lingering adieu.
Armed with a subtle stratagem
the hostess smiles a blade through them,
showing, despite her pallor
a poised and granite valor
Have you guessed the ghastly truth?
Pale bones of the moon that today
the ladies seized and gnawed away
belonged to her primrose youth.

Leonard Opalov
c/o D. Podoksik
140 West 175th Street
The Bronx 53, New York

A SUNNY DAY IN AUTUMN

On a sunny day in Fall
One barely senses
The loneliness of naked trees.
The sun soothes the rheumatic pain
Of the pensive mood
And you stroll erect
Like a slender poplar
On the wide avenues of New York,
Searching your long lost youth,
But sometime somewhere
You may find a hidden flash
Of its tarnished coronet,
Which you still cherish
In the treasure chest
Of the soul.

OUT OF MY CHILDHOOD

When choked by congestion
In this big wide world,
I seek refuge
In my little world
Of nostalgia,
Where again I meet
My old friends
And out of my childhood appear
Jovial dogs with wagging tails,
Snow-white cats with emerald eyes,
Grand old men with long white beards,
Leaning on merciful canes
And silvery stars
In the firmament
Of fairy-tale books.

Louis Newman
5 Beekman Street
New York 38, New York

WHY TEARS?

Why tears, why the tears for Baudelaire
who is content as any ghost on air
where Sappho, Christina and Verlaine
no doubt, have merged with Emily a combine
of the muses code
to jazz as freely as our modern mode.
Free as any wind in Maine or Greece
from any rigid rhythm dressed to please
the fancy of an outgrown child
overfed with fairy lands, beguile
the yield, of life, love, sex and youth,
release the final breadth of truth,
in war or peace to toast
the lyrics of our own to boast.

Paula Nelson
46 East 91st Street
New York 28, New York

PARALLEL

Often the simple text is most profound.
We seek in parables and miss the thread
Of meaning. In a single foot of ground
The macrocosm is interpreted.
So spins the atom in its galaxy,
And universes are engendered in
A seed whose germ contains a mystery
Beyond conjecture. Yet we, too, are kin
To that inherent impulse which expands
Toward rain and sun, and a recurrent growth.
Meadow and firmament . . . Who understands
Even the smallest part of this is both
Communicant of star and inmost kernel,
Accepting change as equal with eternal.

SEPARATE JOURNEYS

With a far-seeing confidence we trace
On sky-maps where the rocket-ship may land,
Following its trajectory through space,
The interplanetary distance spanned.
But, reaching in a simpler way for stars,
Children still go on journeys of their own,
Asking no name for Venus or for Mars
To prove that other worlds are truly known.

Not by slow years in exploration spent
Have they discovered how to roam the skies,
Familiar with rarer element
Than we conjecture. Who can say what lies
Beyond the orbit of our little sphere?
Children have all they need of wonder — here!

Alfred Leland Mooney
22 South Sixth Street
Duquesne, Pennsylvania

SUMMER STORM

Butcher Knife Ridge bows down its wooded mane
Before the blackened flail that sweeps the sky
Forked snake-like tongues of lightning damnify
Their prey of ash and oak with burning bane,
Harsh thunder splits the thick white sheets of rain,
Quick terror taunts the heavens' termini,
And ruinous-rent floodgates prophesy
Death to the ghost deluged in Sunken Lane.

What jibe of devils laughs across the land
Before a rainbow priests the countryside!
Before fresh beauty flourishes as planned.
Bringing green youth to stir the eager-eyed
Over and up the lifeways hand in hand
With nature lifting proud and purified!

Anne Marx
65 Carman Road
Scarsdale, New York

LATE SUMMER RAIN

Hour of melted greens and grays,
Hour of dripping, drifting, droning . . .
Drops descend on waiting trees,
Silken syntax on my awning.

Hour of childish games subdued;
Voices hushed as heard through hollows;
Hour of cushioned calm inside,
Stretched on faded denim pillows.

Hour of rain, good time to pause
Viewing frivolous summer merits;
Time to clear autumnal eyes;
Tasks to face with brisker spirits.

Sudden gust . . . Startling stop . . .
Vigor stings the atmosphere.
Children shout. Branches drip.
Early fall dropped trademarks here.

COMPLETED CIRCLE

No blemish mars those blossom days
When youth emerges from its maze
Of painful search, finding response
To mutual need in every sense:
A love . . . a mate . . . and pure perfection!
How sure they are, in brash conviction,
That all their days shall henceforth be
Full of serenest harmony;
Inviolate their secret treasure
Of crystal-clear, esthetic pleasure.

How hard she tries to keep her image
A sight unspoiled by careless damage!
For him, the voice, well-modulated;
Her eager steps, love-syncopated;
Significance in deeply sharing
A taste for culinary daring,
For graciousness of fine perfume
And candles that caress a room . . .
As hands and hair and face and lips
Are poised to please his finger tips.

Her knight becomes the man who shares
Bed and board of crowding years,
The human side, not compromising
Its tastes and smells (no use disguising
Their earthy source) with family noise
And lack of artistry, of poise . . .
And skin which seems but aging cover
For features, seen by a tired lover . . .
Has all their grace and fragrancy
Been swallowed by proximity?

No longer princess now, nor prince,
They shed their blissful arrogance,
Hold understanding to replace
Mere adoration of a face:
Two people, taking flaws in stride . . .
Cheerful . . . indulgent . . . side by side!
About them, in completed circle
Of tenderness and inner sparkle,
A bulwark rises, built to weather
The plain, the human span together.

Truda McCoy
Route 1 — Box 757
Pikeville, Kentucky

CLUTCH SILENCE CALMLY

Silence is something minus sound
collected on certain days.
It is a river that has drowned
loud clamor and its laws.

Clutch silence calmly by degrees
if you would wish to hear
hypnotic songs of centuries
descending from the stars.

Take all together is too much;
One time I took it all
and revelled in its soft, sure touch,
and it destroyed my Will.

Silence and I. We were as one
until a dark storm called
with furious thunders, veiled the sun
and left me old.

Winifred Heath
Southern Hotel
San Diego 1, California

THE LONG ENDURING EARTH

How quiet breathes the Earth beneath the sun
As still as in those far-off first-born days
Before man came with quick and careless feet
And a dread gift of speech on silent ways.

Does She who waits serene through the long years
Hold with eternal patience a far hope
That man shall pass, and in that latter day
The peace of Earth's First Morning shall return?

With silence on the man-infested Seas
And a long peace upon the troubled hills.
With all her quiet ways of green content
Forever freed of restless human feet.

Helen Harrington
Lamoni, Iowa

OLD BOOK STORE

On this busy street,
caught in a cranny in between a tall
long-lighted theatre and a place to eat,
struggling like a flower in a wall,
is this small
book store.

It is narrow-dark in here, and hard
to capture the regard
of passers-by.
Yet, leaf by leaf, books try,
putting themselves forward till the door
is twined with musty fragrance . . . But there is no
great interest in the bloom of the by-gone.

None savor . . .
Few even turn to sniff,
and if
someone pauses here for half an hour,
he takes on
the quaint and ancient, the peculiar flavor
of the flower.

TV JUNGLE: PROGRAM AND SPONSOR

Come, now; the evening meal is over —
Let us to the living room and the soft chairs
dim the lights —
Let us watch, let us listen to the jungle.

There will be hours of it.

We will see the big cats come down to our waterholes.
They will watch us with their furtive eyes
while they gambol.
We will spy talons in the trees; now and then a feather
unobtrusively will fall.

How we will laugh or — it may be —
at their rough play, exclaim, shudder a little;
sensing tearing claw and sinking teeth.

There will be screaming —
such wild screaming —
We will become bored by screaming
until we do not notice it, and then,
As the big cats lick their paws and the great birds
clean their beaks in their plumage,
we will turn off the jungle
and find our bleeding wounds.

Annette B. Feldman
160 West 77th Street
New York 24, New York

ANALYST TO HIS PATIENT

Mine the notebook. Now avoid
My silent scrutiny of your reactions
I shall try to analyze
Your hostile moods — fill out the void
Make you, a prisoner of the past to speak
In an attempt to categorize
Egotistical repression
I shall further make you seek
To tear down bars, defenses weak.

From my formulations peak —
I shall try to ease your tensions
Make you shed your false pretensions,
And with earnest, cold sobriety
Hex your self-imposed anxiety!

WIND MAGIC

I was frightened by the wind
While whispered sounds of night
Were fretful, fluted notes
Returning ever to an old complaint.

I was frightened by the wind
Trembled —
As wind tapped ghostly on the panes
Told eerie secret
Murmuring, till I slept
And in my dream —
A shadowed form rose near
Spoke softly in my drowsy ear,
"You have nothing to fear from fear
From fear —"
And then I knew the wind was near, was here.

Dorothea Webb Anderson
3800 Elm Avenue
Brookfield, Illinois

AUTUMN TRYST

If summer bowed to winter there would be
No prompter for recalcitrant memory.
But there is always autumn, always the road
To the top of Jarrett's cliff; always the goad,
Slim-shafted, pointed sharply, piercing the mind,
Impaling the deed forever left behind.
There are the dry October leaves, the shack
Where we kissed at half-way haven, coming back.
The road forked where we parted and she went
Her lonely way and I mine, having spent
The stolen hours together. Those were days
Idyllic with content, but nothing stays
Impervious to change. The flame of bittersweet
Burned bright along the path to our retreat
On that last day, when she beneath the pine
At cliff-top, spoke of a child who would be mine.
. . . Now the days are much alike where I
Must pace them; still each blue October sky
Domes even this bleak place and brings her near;
Who, even though I killed her, was most dear;
Who might have lived had reason held, or if
The drop were not so deep . . . so high the cliff.

Edith G. Wies
25 Park Vale Avenue
Allston 34, Massachusetts

LITTLE JAPANESE SONG

Gigantic hands fasten the bronzed world
Up and up against a cooled sky.
A splintered shaft of ruby blood
Patterns a wide flow of trim
For under mat and ancient oak.
Enchanted I cry and the tears spatter gold.

Hostility helps a tree endure
Repeated birth, deny winter tension.
Her carnelian crown flakes a spread
For crawling to her passive recess,
To love again the rigid dark cold.

Upward flame licks the fringed sky,
And drags from the earth's breast
A filigree of amber, glinting
In burnished dignity
At the silent frost-burned world.

Eva C. Downing
327 South Diamond
Jacksonville, Illinois

AS GOD WILLS

Man feeds upon facts, but hungers
The fodder of facts is coarse food,
The grain shucked from the stalks
Lies golden in his hand.
His eyes feast on the beauty of it,
He turns the rare bit
This way and that admiring the glint,
and of the mystery, a mere hint
penetrates his brain
And he feels a kinship for the germ of life
embedded therein.
Fingering the smooth skin,
From whence came this golden grain?
Point of departure and return,
Renewing itself time and again,
Flower, seed, food,
Ever the same,
Pondering in this fanciful mood
He hungers.

Rachel Mack Wilson
1441 South Fourth Street
Louisville 8, Kentucky

BODY OF THIS EDEN

I

The body of this Eden is not dead
Though many flowers wilt on the garden's breast;
Circumference of living it is said,
Shall seek interpreters beyond the west.
For age is discipline as youth is flame
Accoutred in the garment of a god,
Though all shall bow to its remembered name,
And all shall bend beneath its chastening rod.

The torch of wisdom, candle-glow of love,
May flicker, though from each the other lights;
Andromeda, though chained, sought out the dove;
The Gorgon's head apostrophised the night.
What say you now, beloved, what shall annoy
So dear a Paris and so far a Troy?

II

Let dusk remember that romance has gone,
Though love should break her wings upon a stone;
If evening laughs at platitudes of dawn —
Night hears the purple overture alone.
The pastel lava of the buried dreams —
Carved autumn, chiseled winter, fine-etched May,
Are white stalagmites and Lethean streams
And heresies that crumble in a day.

Where lilies stood superior to the grass
A rose withdrew from harvest of the bee;
I stood aside to let Euterpe pass
Heavy with Eve's responsibility.
Though there was sealed behind your fingertips
The seven thunders of apocalypse.

III

This sharp-drawn breath articulate with pain
Is bred on silence. Sound shall speak of loss
As birds in flight of shadows, clouds of rain —
As out-stretched arms are remnants of some cross.
But now upon familiar, native hills
Experience can drop her crimson cloak,
Professors can reclaim perpetual wills
For I shall join sophisticated folk.

No scarlet berry on the ravished vine —
Nor realism in a thwarted spring,
Shall render autumn that which once was mine,
Nor shall Electra have the song I sing.
For I shall bury every ancient ghost
To split the wafer, find the hidden Host.

IV

As deep sea fish though blind, develop eyes;
I can find vision, and exalt the view
When whirling in a shallow pool, surprised,
That you, beloved, were but a tadpole too.
Behind the beetle's horny case are wings;
And in his flight a deep immensity.
Shall truth retire for many-storied things
Or abdicate in perpetuity?

The celebrated Claudians, they who
Like Hermes of the Grecian mountain side
Found that the gods were thin-worn shadows, too
I know that they are purest colors, dyed.
So now like Dante, shall I look above
To make creative covenant with love?

V

If love is legend, truth is anarchy
And neither shall be written but in flame;
A literature I shall never see
Is one that does injustice to its name.
To tear the image, break the structure down,
While others write of early singing larks,
Is wrestling with the lion for the crown. . . .
Like breathing fire to see ascending sparks.

The flying horse with card-board head is gone:
Victoriously. An interval I know,
And I have tried to catch it in the dawn
Though I return and have but mountain snow.
The path of erudition is not wide,
Perhaps too narrow, were you at my side.

VI

The turmeric-colored maple leaves shall fall
Blent with a shadow on a saltless sea;
Though Caesar's men eternally take Gaul
To light the candles of a dynasty.
You speak of pause, though this too silent earth —
Buried forever those who spoke aloud,
Indicating always bold transcendent mirth —
Dividing gay masque dresses from the shroud.

The broken gallery of the last red glow
Leaves hemispheres of silence on the hill,
The cycle of the vaulted day I know
Is but the surplice of a guarded will.
But when I seek the many-flowered west,
I'll go, dear sir, with music in my breast.

VII

Wherefore shall beauty having lived, lie dead —
What of the tortoise and the Lydian lyre,
Wild hyacinth that wind-flowers cannot wed
The Titan's words, the euthanasian fire?
What message of the pentecostal wind
Shall summon one, who stands, an acolyte
Before the graphic sentinels of mind,
A flying seed that nothing can indict.

The burning bush of my uncertainty
The opening of a long-forbidden door,
Is but the password through a suavity
A bending arc, that has not curved before.
Statistics of the gods are in my hands;
I break the hour glass for the running sands.

VIII

Tall peonies, white in the falling dusk —
Did not betray the fearful backward glance,
The dropped magenta rose with ancient musk
Was not an accident of circumstance.
The audience of morning is a-blaze
Though night I know is far a-fold in dream:
Shall day pronounce me coward, or amaze
The futile image in the testing stream?

If half-gods go that gods may have domain,
To find the pearl deep in the waiting shell,
Why is it then that so few gods remain?
What of the garden and the ancient spell?
There always is, though you will not believe
A startled Eden and a salvaged Eve.

Timothy Cheney
180 Mountain Road
West Hartford 7, Connecticut

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

The vibration of the perfect fifth defines
far whisperings, — then brings them near and near
and near and terribly precise. With fear
of things too high, disturbed, of unseen lines
of force quite past our reckonings, of signs
supplanted by the thing itself, we hear
the unknown in that word made known and clear, —
its infinitely vast, unguessed designs.

O, in some deeper chamber of the brain
as yet untapped, — an abiding place of Him
whose full abundance we too much restrain
by walls of prudence, shame, or selfish whim, —
there, there, the windows to the starry plain
look out to where the stars in silence swim.

EMERSON: 1957

The seer, the sage, the lovely man of thought
and thoughts proclaimed by fruitful word, by deed:
deeds, thoughts and words into an action freed
of separateness, but all as one thrice wrought
to goodness manifest, — why have we not
received into our hearts and ways the seed
of such a presence magnified? We plead
necessities entangled; leave unsought
the precious springs of his benign profusion.
Progressions of a swifter speed allure
dark travellers enthralled by an illusion:
a brightness hoped for. But the deeper cure,
the inward light, the stronger guide, the fusion, —
these were in him abundant, grand, and pure.

Mary Child
2745 Elmwood Avenue
Berkeley 5, California

THE RECORDING

"Music and rhythm find their way into the secret places of the soul."
Plato

Beneath the lamp the winter roses glow
In wheel of light; clock hands move slow as fate
Upon the face of time; the fire burns low,
In shadowed circle silent listeners wait.

The needle finds the thread upon the disk,
Spun music flows, unrolls like shining foil.
The melody is smooth, the tempo brisk,
Quick silver notes unwind from hidden coil.

The spinning music circles round and round,
The singing tones spiral, rising clear,
The listeners are bound by love of sound
And yet divided; each spins in his own sphere.

Each one a microcosm spins alone,
Into a world peculiarly his own.

Alma Paschall
234 Rosewood Avenue
Springfield, Ohio

FREE-BORN COLT

O give me freedom of an unfenced plain
My face uplifted to sage-scented rain!
For I can reach a self-selected goal
Without a misstep in a gopher-hole.
Since manger-oats on me begin to pall
I find no romance in a prison-stall.
Nor do I like a regulated speed
For I was born to quite another creed.

Yet broken in to guiding rein and bit
I try my best to be content with it.
But if nostalgic winds blow in my face
I feel the urge of caged things for a race.
Although I seem to yield myself to fate
I stand, a rebel, at the barnyard gate.

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• Margaret E. Bruner, *The Deeper eed.* Christopher Publishing House, oston 20, Massachusetts, 1957. $2.00.

• Mabel MacDonald Carver, *Out of sia,* and other poems. Bookman Asociates, 31 Union Square, West, New ork 3, New York, 1957. $3.00.

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• Stanton A. Coblentz, *Magic Casements,* a Guidebook for Poets. The Wings Press, Mill Valley, California, 1957. $2.50.

• Babette Deutsch, *Poetry Handbook,* A Dictionary of Terms. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 153 East 24th Street, New York 10, New York, 1957. $3.50.

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• Robert Neely Graham, *Collected Poems.* Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31 Street, New York 1, New York, 1957.

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• Thelma Brown Ireland, *Home Work.* Chapman & Grimes, Inc., 48 Melrose Street, Boston, Massachusetts, 1957.

• Teresa Johnson, *Rest for A While.* Vantage Press, 120 West 31 Street, New York 1, New York, 1957. $2.00.

• Dorothy L. Lambert, *Silhouettes of Life.* Vantage Press, 120 West 31 St., New York 1, New York, 1957. $2.00.

• W. H. Little, *A Verse a Day;* poetic meditations based on scripture verses. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31 Street, New York 1, New York, 1957. $3.75.

• Lilith Lorraine, compiler, *Indispensable,* the poet's deskmate. (Order 1958 issue, $2.00, not later than August 1, 1958). Different Press, Alpine, Texas, 1957.

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• Grace Loveless, *He's Standing by You.* Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31 Street, New York 1, New York, 1957. $2.00.

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• Charles R. Minch, *Today is Mine.* Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31 St., New York 1, New York, 1957. $3.50.

• Mathilde Monnier, *Instants,* poèmes. Perret-Gentil, Lausanne, 1957.

• G. S. Oddy, *Sonnets in D Minor.* Chestnut Cottage, Spencer Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight, England, n.d.

• Bonnie Elizabeth Parker, *Dark Tigers of My Tongue.* 11551 Roxbury, Detroit 24, Michigan, 1957. $2.50, autographed.

• Kitty Parsons, *Ancestral Timber.* Golden Quill Press, Francestown, New Hampshire, 1957. $3.50.

• Conrad Richter (Step Ladder Advisory Board Member), *The Lady,* a novel of New Mexico. New York, Knopf, 1957. $3.00.

• Beth Duvall Russell, *A White Stone is Given,* published by the author, Baldwinsville, New York, 1957.

• George Saul, *Echoes of the Winds.* Bruce Humphries, Inc., 48 Melrose St., Boston, Massachusetts, 1957. $3.00.

• *The Sea.* Wake-Brook House, Sanbornville, New Hampshire, 1956.

• Patricia Shaw, *Lament for the Thunderbirds.* Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31 Street, New York 1, New York, 1957.

• Mary Louise Spang, *Sounds and Silences.* Vantage Press, 120 West 31 Street, New York 1, New York, 1957. $2.00.

• Lirrel Starling, *The Little White Foxes,* and others. Author, P. O. Box 143, San Andreas, California, or Royal Publishing Co., 7918 Maxwell Drive, Dallas 17, Texas. $2.50.

• David B. Steinman, *Miracle Bridge at Mackinac,* (the story of his masterpiece), Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1957. $3.50.

• Jane Beverlin Tate, *One Long Summer,* a new collection of poems, Bookman Associates, Inc., 31 Union Square, New York 3, New York, 1957. $3.00.

• Hal Trovillion, *Three from the Book.* Trovillion Private Press, Herrin, Illinois, 1957.

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MAGAZINE ANNOUNCEMENTS:

• *At the Sign of the Silver Horse,* published every little while by Trovillion Private Press. P. O. Box 180, Herrin, Illinois. Hal W. Trovillion, editor. No charge.

• *Approach,* a literary quarterly. Helen Morgan Brooks and others, editors. 114 Petrie Avenue, Rosemont, Pennsylvania. $2 year, 50¢ copy.

• *Best Articles and Stories,* 10 issues a year. 1757 Devon Lane, Bloomington, Ind. Jerome Ellison, editor. $4.50 year.

• *Epos,* a quarterly of poetry. Will Tullos and Evelyn Thorne, editors. Lake Como, Florida. $2 year, 50¢ copy.

• *Existaria,* a bi-monthly journal. 328 Palm Drive, Hermosa Beach, California. Carl Larsen, editor. $3 year, 50¢ copy.

Explorations, quarterly. University Toronto, Toronto, Canada. E. S. rpenter, H. M. McLuhan, editors. year, $1 copy.

Flame, quarterly poetry magazine. pine, Texas. Lilith Lorraine, editor. year, 75¢ copy. Make checks pay- le to *Different*.

The Literary Review, an international arterly of contemporary writing. irleigh Dickinson University, Tea- k, New Jersey. Clarence R. Decker d Charles Angoff, co-editors. $4 year. olume 1, No. 1, October 1957.

Macabre, semi-annual, a magazine voted to poetry and prose of the known, weird, supernatural. 55 umbull Street, New Haven 10, Con- ticut. Joseph Payne Brennan, editor. ¢ year, 40¢ copy.

Mainstream, a quarterly journal of etry, the arts and contemporary com- nt. 17 South Cedar Street, Palatine, nois. Robin Reay Cuscaden, Ronald fen, editors. $1 year. Summer-Au- mn 1957, San Francisco Issue.

Morning Star, a quarto of poetry. 00 44th Avenue, San Francisco 22, lifornia. John Beecher, editor. $3, ur issues, $1 single issue.

Olivant, an irregular journal devoted poetry, prose and art. Route 4, Box 6, Fitzgerald Georgia. D. V. Smith, tor. Issue No. 1, *Exile*, 1957, $3 copy.

• *Poetry Public*, P. O. Box 638, Hastings, Nebraska. Lawrence Richard Holmes, director-editor. $2, yearly membership, single issues 50¢, double $1.

• *Scholar's Market*, an international index to periodicals which publish articles on English and American language and literature. *To be published soon.* Send information to Robert F. McDonnell, Department of English, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

• *Seven*, formerly *The Lantern*, quarterly. 15 South Robinson, Oklahoma City 2, Oklahoma. James Neill Northe, editor. $3 year, $1 copy.

• *Spectrum*, published three times a year by the Associated Students of the University of California, Santa Barbara College. P. O. Box 535, Goleta, California. $1 year, 35¢ copy.

• *Trace*, comprising annual directories of English language poetry and small literary magazines appearing throughout the world. Published in England in February, April, June, August, October. James Boyer May, editor. P. O. Box 1068, Hollywood 28, California. $1.50 year, 40¢ directory issue.

• *Wings, a quarterly of verse.* Stanton A. Coblentz, editor. P. O. Box 332, Mill Valley, California. $1 year, 35¢ copy.

• *Wisconsin Poetry Magazine*, quarterly. 1764 North 83rd Street, Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin. Clara C. Prince, editor. $3 year, 50¢ copy.

THE STEP LADDER CONTRIBUTORS FOR AUTUMN 1957

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